

MOUNTAIN ECHOES



Seasons

Greetings

Dec.

1956



TO ALL OUR
Mail Order Friends-



ADMINISTRATION

W.H. West	Acting Warden
C.C. DesRosier	Acting Deputy Warden
A.E. Steele	Acting Chief Keeper
N. Orlesky	Acting Principle Keeper
J. Wickey	Classification Officer
J. Meers	C.T.I.
J.D. Weir	Teacher-Librarian
W.J. Hancock	P.T.I.
R. Howard	Hobby Officer
Rev. G.W. McNeill	Prot. Chaplain
Rev. H.J. Bedford	R.C. Chaplain

MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thought and action within the institution.



No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.

CENSUS

	Nov.	Dec.
Population	409	402
High Number	7385	7393
Received	12	8
Discharged	11	9
Tickets-Of-Leave	0	7
Pardons	0	0
Escapes	0	0
Deaths	0	0
Transfers	0	1
Deported	0	1

Concerning This Issue

Following the November issue of the Mountain Echoes which showed up the obvious need for a wholesale re-issue of type, we were forced to suspend operations until new type could be obtained.

Fortunately, our new type, 10 point Caslon, arrived in time for us to get the spadework done on the Christmas issue during the month of December. Completion of this special issue has occupied us until today. We trust that all our subscribers will excuse the unavoidable delay and it is our sincere hope that future issues of the Echoes will be arriving as per schedule from this date forward.

Included in the Christmas issue are the messages of special greetings from our chaplains and the administration, and we of the Echoes Staff take this opportunity to extend our good wishes also. We hope that the year just begun will be a fruitfull one and that our friendship will be as mutually enjoyable as it has been in the past.

It is indeed unfortunate that the copy for this issue must be called upon to bridge the gap between October and January and trust while it may be late it is interesting and complete.

The greatest inconvenience was probably caused the sporting fraternity here at the Mountain, what with their fine boxing show, the introduction of wrestling, a wrap-up of football and the openening of the hockey season. They provided a wealth of copy for publication which we have been forced to pare to the bone in order to accommodate the remaining material.

In dealing with the Christmas concert, and indeed the entire holiday schedule words are indeed inadequate. Kappy Kapitan, the propmen continuity managers, and in fact all the people who contributed time and effort to make the program a success deserve much more than the limited space available.

Continuing the policy of introducing our readers to the various shops here, we include a word picture of the trials and tribulations, successes and near-successes of the Tailor Shop as seen by one of the inmates employed in the shop.

Our original poem, found in the centre-fold of this issue was specially written by one of our inmates to whom we extend our apologies for not having it before our readers at a more propitious time.

With the arrival of the 1957 publication year, our private list of resolutions includes one which reads as follows: We resolve to get this magazine out to our readers on time and our excuses for not doing so will be acceptable only if mechanical difficulties cause the delay.

With this parting thought we leave you to your own devices.

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Mountain Echoes

December—1956

Volume 6

No. 3

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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

Institutional life to the first timer poses any number of problems, not the least of which is the wariness with which he views even the most kindly overtures ventured by the people he meets when he arrives.

His sense of insecurity is heightened by the erroneous conceptions he harbors, in common with society in general towards penitentiary life. He is on the defensive. Doesn't know what is required of him, or what sort of treatment to expect from the officers of the institution and fellow inmates.

Personally speaking, I have never been informed as to what will be expected of me or what rights and privileges are mine. The term 'Fish', commonly applied to new entries is an apt classification for he is precisely that. A fish out of water.

His senses demand that he be apprehensive and the apprehension increases till he takes the figurative bull by the horns and endeavours to orientate himself.

If, as sometimes happens, he is able to search out a former acquaintance among the inmate population he is fortunate for he can get the answers to many of the questions he would hesitate to ask a stranger.

This is a very real problem and one that should be dealt with. After all, each of us once entered these walls a fish and we should recall the difficulties we faced.

The inmate committee might, if they are interested, delegate a member whose job it would be to inform the newcomer of the services they provide, learn what sports, hobbies and so forth, he is interested in.

Carried out objectively, such an interview would make him feel accepted as a member of a group of people facing common problems.

From his first days in the institution the newcomer would realize that he is not alone, that he is regarded as an individual by the other inmates and his right to express his desires remains though the fulfillment of them may be impossible. He would not be left a fish, out of his element and alone.

(The foregoing introduces Don Lobb of our editorial staff. We are confident our readers will find Don's work both interesting and informative reading.)

It is generally true that the simplest things are often the hardest to understand and apply. Probably the best advice ever given the world in these troubled days is, "Live in the present, the past is gone, the future is uncertain."

People agree, but very few believe it.

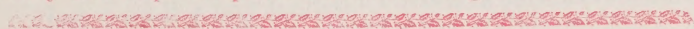
This holiday season Canadians have much to be thankful for. We're talking about today, right now, not last year, or next year, or ten years from now.

The economy of the country is in sound shape today. Thousands more Canadians have good, well-paying jobs today than ever before. Very few Canadian families did not sit down to a prodigious feast last Thanksgiving. Very few will not have a full stocking this Christmas.

Most important of all, this country, today, is at peace. A few years ago Canadians were at war. With the exception of Korea, the world situation now is more precarious than at any time since World War II.

No one knows what tomorrow, next week, next month or next year may bring but today, right now, we are at peace . . . and that is a lot to be thankful for.

This holiday season is a time to count our blessings. Let's be thankful for all we have today and hope for peace on earth and goodwill toward men.



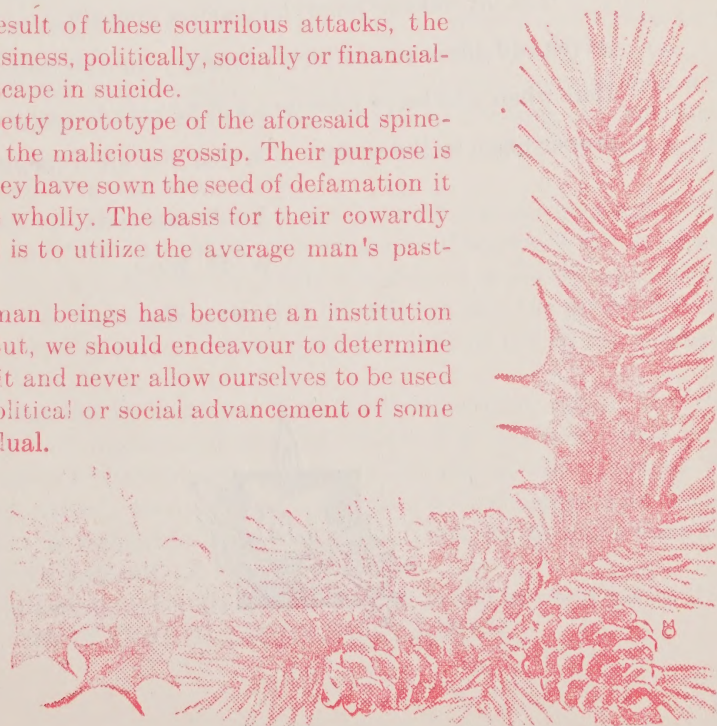
From out of the pages of history's most cowardly crimes, the poisoned pen writer deserves a dishonorable first.

Psychopaths of this order attack their victims through the medium of derogatory letters, anonymously written, to the most gullible of the associates of their intended victims.

Invariably as a result of these scurrilous attacks, the victim suffered in business, politically, socially or financially, or he may find escape in suicide.

We all know of a petty prototype of the aforesaid spineless creature, that is the malicious gossip. Their purpose is the same and once they have sown the seed of defamation it can never be undone wholly. The basis for their cowardly and cunning method is to utilize the average man's pastime of gossip.

Gossip among human beings has become an institution in our way of life. But, we should endeavour to determine the authenticity of it and never allow ourselves to be used as a pawn for the political or social advancement of some unscrupulous individual.



*Best Wishes of Season
from
Warden W. H. West*

As the Christmas Season approaches I would like to express to all the inmates of Manitoba Penitentiary, my very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

May the spirit of goodwill mark the celebration of Christmas in this institution and brighten the day for each of you, even though you are apart from your loved ones

It is my sincere hope that each of you will apply yourselves and direct your efforts towards your own betterment that when you leave here you will be able to assume your proper place in the society of which you are a member.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. West.

Acting Warden



Reverend George McNeill Extends Season's Greetings

As this Christmas issue of Mountain Echoes goes out to our readers near and far, I would like to thank the Editor and staff for another opportunity of saying to one and all, "A Very Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year."

For those who are separated from family and friends it will no doubt be difficult to enter the spirit of Christmas. But the Song of the Angels was not for fortunes' favorites alone, but all mankind. It is my sincere wish and prayer for you that even under trying and difficult circumstances something of the peace of which the angels sang, may be yours at this season of the year.

If we cannot spend Christmas as we would choose, perhaps it would help to be more aware of the problems of our friends and neighbours, as well as God's people in other lands. Perhaps we will find time to ask God to so overrule the affairs of men and nations, that the threat of war may be banished and peace through good, become a reality in every land and every home.

Christ came to earth long, long ago to teach us that we are each our brother's keeper not his executioner; that God has created all men of one flesh and blood to dwell together as brothers, not as enemies. We have been slow to accept the role of brothers. Individuals and nations have busied themselves with security and all too often without thought of peace or goodwill towards all men and we have neither security nor goodwill.

Modern technical developments threaten the lives of millions and the message of Christ, "...they that live by the sword shall perish by the sword," has become a stern reality for friend and foe alike. Twenty nine million men, women and children died in air raids between 1939 and 1945. Old and young, rich and poor, the bombs were no respecter of persons and certainly any future war will take a still heavier toll in suffering and human life.

The spirit of Christmas alone can bring peace on earth through goodwill. Technical advances and scientific discoveries without goodwill increases the danger of destruction. As we live each day with goodwill towards all mankind we influence those whose lives we touch, and just as the stone thrown into the pool sends ripples to the farthest shore, so the influence of our lives will be felt in the affairs of men.

Peace cannot be imposed by force nor threats of war, neither can it be forced on unwilling people by well intentioned national leaders. The will to see peace must find first a place in the hearts and minds of ordinary individuals like ourselves. We spend our time and money freely, that Christmas may be happy and joyous for those we love. Let us widen the bounds of our interest, let us make the spirit of Christmas prevail throughout the coming year.

Again a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year and in the words of Little Tim:
"MAY GOD BLESS US EVERYONE"

Keynote Of Christmas Is Hope And Happiness Says Father Bedford

There is a story of a young King in olden days who really cared about his people and was grieved to know how much they suffered from hunger, cold and pestilence. He did what he could by making gifts of clothes and food, but his own resources were scanty, and the people were often too ignorant to do the best for themselves. When the king tried to teach them better ways of farming and building, the people made little response. "It's no good telling the King our troubles," they would say. "He could never understand what it is to work or to be hungry and cold."

The young king felt discouraged and went to a wise old minister and asked his advice.

"How can I win the confidence of my people?" he asked. "I want to show them how to put an end to some of their misfortunes, and help them to bear the others with courage. They do not know their King cares about them—tell me how I can make them understand."

"There would be only one way, I think, Your Majesty."

"Tell me, for God's sake."

"If Your Majesty could go and live amongst them, not as a king, but as one of themselves. . . ."

That night a poorly-clad man left the palace; no one recognized the King and no one knew his secret but the old minister and two or three trusted servants. It was given out that the King had gone on a foreign journey. For months he lived in a poor hut, and lived and ate and worked as a peasant, tended the sick and helped the workers. His fellows soon got to love him and came to him for help and advice, and were very sorry when he said good-bye to them.

When he reappeared at the palace and once more went amongst the people in royal fashion, he was soon recognized by those who had known him as a laborer. The story spread, and thenceforward his people loved and trusted him because he had shown that he loved and cared for them.

To make us understand God's love for us and to show us that He really cared, was the reason why the Son of God descended from heaven and became man.

He was born in Bethlehem about two thousand years ago on the first Christmas Day, and He lived with us about thirty-three years, then He returned to heaven. But during those thirty-three years He taught men how to find happiness. His coming to earth, then, was a great blessing. The keynote of His Birthday is hope and happiness. From this fact stems the age-old greeting we exchange at this season, "A Happy Christmas."

This greeting, "A Happy Christmas," is my wish to all the readers of the Mountain Echoes.

H. J. Bedford,
Catholic Chaplin.

"Right Man For The Right Job"

Aim Of Psychologist F. S. Wilson

by D. R. Lobb

One of the recent additions to the staff here at Stony Mountain is penitentiary psychologist F. S. Wilson, who took up his duties early in November.

Born in Winnipeg, Mr. Wilson attended public and high schools at Deloraine, Man. and at Melita, before his enlistment in the RCAF. Upon his release from the air crew section of the air force, he entered the University of Manitoba and graduated in 1949 with B.Sc. degree.

In addition to five years practical experience at Selkirk Mental Hospital, he did post-graduate work at McGill University and at the U. of M.

When asked about the reception he has found on the part of inmates interviewed, he reported that cooperation has been excellent and that in addition to interviews for all new entries, he has also been handling requests for his services from prisoners who were here before he joined the staff.

Mr. Wilson works closely with the classification officer, striving, through information disclosed in a series of aptitude tests, to place men in jobs at which they are best qualified to work and where they will be most content.

He also handles many of the requests for psychiatric treatment, clearing the way for appointments with Dr. Stevens.

Mr. Wilson disclosed that all information is held in the strictest confidence. No other inmate, officer, or outside agency, has access to the files and results are not even disclosed to the inmate himself, although the inmate interviewed will be informed as to the findings of Mr. Wilson in regard to his ability, temperament and intelligence and counselled in which fields he should be best suited to work.

He stated, "While many of my supplies have not yet arrived, I am able through the series of tests on hand to find in which trade inmates should work, and by working closely with the classification officers, endeavor to have the men placed in the job for which they are best suited.

"Except in extreme cases however," he concluded, "I take no part in the allocation of cells, preferring to act as an intermediary for Dr. Stevens and to assist the inmates by informing them about their abilities and in which of the many trades open to them upon their release, they are most likely to be successful."

HODGE - PODGE

My goodness Xmas, with all its good cheer is just about here.

One more year has almost run its course.

Us cons sure are looking for bigger and better things in the coming year 1957.

Now the Xmas gift we would appreciate most is, ACTION on the Fauteux Report.

The football season is over for this year.

After the last game you couldn't find a Montrealer in the joint.

I am sure everyone here enjoyed the Grey Cup Telecast. Thanks to **Mr. Juba**.

Now we can swing full tilt into the coming hockey season.

Every month the Echo editor has to fight for material.

Could it be that you are a potential contributor?

Hobbyists are looking forward to a busy winter.

Our display room is filled with many fine gifts for all the family.

Every once in a while a funny incident will occur.

Saw an inmate absentmindedly taking his empty tray to work.

Seems like the committee has been getting better movies lately.

This is fine, but not always given proper appreciation.

Our Bible class started in October.

Not everyone is interested, but,

You are all welcome.

Maybe we will be curling this winter.

Our older inmates may get something besides cards,

Unless the younger inmates hog the ice.

Now for a bit of poetry.

The inmates bundle is in the Dome.

All his thoughts must be of home.

If he will stop to ponder now and then.

No doubt he will never come back again.

Plenty of musical instruments around.

Everyone likes to see a good Christmas concert.

No time like the present to start thinking about it.

Most of us like to receive mail,

Anybody forget to write home lately?

No one here can say they have no time.

I know the folks will be glad to hear from you.

Television brought the World Series to our doorstep.

Our Welfare Committee is preparing for Hockey season.

Boxing Card next month.

All this may seem like Hodge-Podge to you, but it took me a few days to do.

Tailor Shop Tales

by 6943

The Tailor Shop is one of the busiest departments in the institution and in importance must be placed in the top bracket.

Every Officer and every inmate is dependent upon the proper production of clothing as to the quality and quantity. The tailor shop must, on a strict time schedule with the seasons, satisfy the clothing needs of everyone in the institution and that means a lot of clothing of a very wide variety.

The most important of the clothing products are the civilian suits and overcoats supplied to every inmate on his release from this institution. The quality of the material used is good and it is available in a variety of pleasing shades. The men working on the suits and overcoats don't have too much experience but a lot of careful work goes into the clothing. When a man is released from here and faces the outside world, his success may depend upon the kind of 'front' he wears. The tailor shop tries to give him the best.

Officers' uniforms and overcoats constitute another large item in the yearly production schedule. Custom work done on repayment is an additional convenience to the officers.

By far the largest item of clothing on the list is the inmate prison wear. This takes in a wide variety of clothing such as the brown wool pea-jackets and caps for winter wear, brown denim pants, jackets, caps, smocks, overalls and sundry other types of clothing, as well as blue shirts and pajamas.

White clothing made for hospital and kitchen use includes pants, shirts, caps, aprons, food covers, dental and surgical gowns and body supports.

Cell furnishings include mattresses and their covers, pillows, bed sheets, pillow slips and hand towels.

Contract work for the government is handled also, and this includes clothing for the far north, mineral sample bags and others.

The shop is equipped with 30 machines of the latest design, such as buttonhole, tacking, blindstitch, double needle, sergers and basting machines as well as several types of lockstitch machines. Production from these machines is based on the mass production principle, however the limited space and the unavailability of trained operators calls for variations in the production schedule to meet the day-to-day demands which arise.

Viewing the important part the clothing industry plays in the economy of Canada today, anyone working in the tailor shop here who learns something of the trade should have ample opportunity to further himself upon his release from this institution.

The shop is under capable direction of O. E. Olson, who has 35 yrs. experience as a tailor, 11 of them in this institution. Mr. Olson learned his trade in the old country where he worked as an apprentice for 5 years without pay to become a master tailor.

Grosney Group And Gardner Launch Local Concert Season

by DON LOBB

Paul Grosney, ably assisted by a group of musician friends, kicked off the 1956 Christmas concert season here with a tremendous stage show highlighted by the zany chatter and classic mimicry of Cliff Gardner, CKRC's gift to the field of entertainment.

Gardner found the touchstone of prison humor with his imitation of a CBC conductor directing a 100-piece band. As seen darkly through a TV monitor, the hoary-bearded CBC vice-presies could be expected to send our boy Cliff so far back in the system they'd have to pump air to him.

Teaming with Ken Babb in a trio of hilarious skits, the irrepressible Cliff also scored with a take-off of the 'Fish and an Old Timer'. Terrific job Cliff, you are still the perfect antidote for a case of 'penitis'.

Although the group arrived a little behind schedule, Gardner's emceeing set a near-flawless pace and man how those musicians responded. Tracing the history of jazz from its inception in the deep south of the good old U. S. and A., musically, Paul and the boys proved themselves true pros and left Cliff a real warm audience with which to work during the intermission.

From funeral-style blues, a la Dixie, ragtime jazz at the Phillharmonic and on into the progressive beat of the modern era, the group showed fine versatility and solid musical feel as they belted their way through the music of the century.

Left with the feeling that they had just eavesdropped on a real cool jam session, inmates thrilled to the touch of these craftsmen, regretting only that time, a drug on the market here, ran out for the showmen, halting the proceedings.

No attempt will be made to pick from among the group. They were an all-star aggregation from Paul with his horn, Bob Dix with the slush pump (trombone man, get gone) George Reznick tickling the ivories, simmering Eddy Sersen at the skins, Ray Beezley on the vibes, Wally Suckaylo with his alto sax and Bob McMullen adding a mean licorice stick to his tenor sax ability, not to forget Neil Michaud, string bass, made the show a real success.

Frequent 'breaks' by the boys spiced the renditions but one of the featured bits that sparkled was the 'Tribute to Dorsey', Sentimental Me, by Bob Dix. In all, the program included: 'Blues', the music of the turn of the century; 'Saints Come Marching In', 1910 to 1917; representing the beat of the Roaring Twenties, 'Muskrat Ramble'; pre-war All-Star Perdito, Grooving High featuring Eddy Sersen and in closing, Manifo.

A.J. summed up the appreciation felt by all who attended, with a gross or two of well-chosen words, thanking each of the entertainers for their great show.



So you think you got troubles

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The Winnipeg Tribune

Which Were Lost In Transit

The Staff of the Mountain Echoes

Appreciates Efforts Expended

By Staff Members

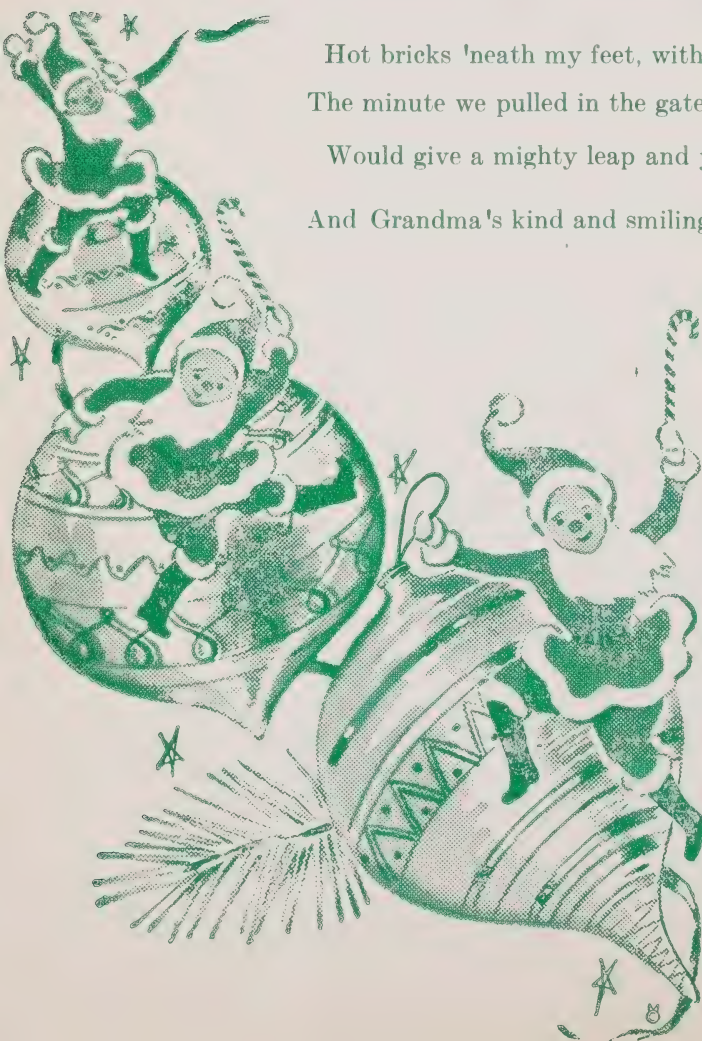
Endeavouring To Trace Same



Christmas of Yesteryears

by W. MARTIN

Christmas time brings memories of yesteryears to me,
Of Christmas when just a boy, that meant the world to
me.
The sleigh-ride out to Grampa's farm, with sleigh-bells
ringing out.
Hot bricks 'neath my feet, with Grandma's quilt about.
The minute we pulled in the gate, old Shep I still recall.
Would give a mighty leap and yelp and land amongst
us all
And Grandma's kind and smiling face would meet us at
the door.



Whazzat ?

Now it may seem that I'm taking unfair advantage of the Hobbycraft Editor, but in reality it just happens that while I am filled with envy and admiration for the men who create masterpieces in their chosen fields of hobby endeavour, I just can't cut the mustard.

To illustrate, I'd like you to take a few moments to inspect some of the beautiful examples of art completed without mishap by the copper-tooling fraternity and then compare the results with my efforts which I'll describe for you herewith.

First of all I successfully corralled a couple of feet of shiny, unblemished sheet copper, a stylus, a wooden deal I think someone called a spoon, and another piece of hickory with a square end on it.

I hustled the material to my abode and returned to forage through two or three hundred designs. I finally settled for a simple little job with a horse, house, corral, cactus and a cowboy. Nothing difficult mind you, in fact I suspect that the guy who put his signature on the bottom was a low-grade commercial scribbler named *Leonardo da Vinci* or some other old thing.

Anyway, I strutted across the dome clutching the chosen design in my hot little hand. Slamming the sound-proof door on my private den, I retired from the cares and woes of everyday existence and rolling up the sleeves of my hand-embroidered, monogrammed, pre-shrunk "Broad Arrow" shirt, I got to work.

Now the guy I conned into outlining the proper procedure knew his copper tooling. I had no trouble at all tracing the design. Couple of hours more or less and I had me a design for my masterpiece. Looking back, though I'm afraid, I'll have to admit that about all the copy had in common with the original were the pinpoints marking the border.

Unperturbed, I placed the copy over the sheet of copper, stuck both to the desk top with a few well placed dabs of honey the previous occupant had willed me, and took a firm, but gentle, grip on the stylus. Right there I got into trouble.

As soon as I started the tracing, that innocent little steel gadget threw the darndest whing-ding you ever saw. It made marks on that copper never before seen or duplicated and at one point that cowboy was packing the horse.

I stuck to the task and although I got that horse to carry the cowboy after an argument or two, it insisted on being included in the picture of the house and I conceded gracefully.

The rest of the scenery caused me no real concern and mopping the perspiration from my brow I prepared to tool the thing while I still had that horse under control.

Placing the copper on an old copy of *Ranch Romances* I took the spoon, I think was the spoon, but anyhow, I took this hickory and started to work. I rubbed it up and down between the designated lines, skirted diligently around the proper areas, outlined dots and spots and after a couple of hours I began to run out of unmarked copper so I figured the thing must be about done so I turned it over.

Oh I'll be the first to admit that what had happened to that design was a bit of a shock. It didn't faze me though, not me.

Recalling the instructions of my benefactor I took the other piece of hickory, the one with the square end, and carefully outlined and smoothed the unassaulted areas of the picture.

Holding the finished product at arms length where the dim rays of my student's lamp struck it for the first time, to say I was amazed is to err on the side of understatement.

Would you believe it? That blankety-blank horse was sitting on the top rail of that corral and using the reins for a whip, had the cowboy moving the house to the shade of the biggest cactus this side of Texas.

Swollen with natural pride I hurried to the side of my mentor, and when he asked what I wanted, I whipped the picture from behind my back with a flourish and thrust it before his dumbfounded gaze.

When he had recovered himself sufficiently to stand unsupported and regained the use of his vocal cords, he staggered to the sink, took a long drink, shuddered, then mumbled, "snice," at least I think it was "snice," although it may have been "some ice."

Another ignorant peasant who stepped into the conversation stared at it for a moment, grunted non-committally and asked, "Whazzat?"

Oh well, perhaps petit point may be more my line.

by D.L.

Sandy Phimister Headlines 32nd Consecutive Xmas Show

Second outside group to brighten the holiday season featured the old trouper Sandy Phimister and son Marsh, headlining a group of musician friends led by that top trumpet man Paul Grosney.

For his thirty-second annual show "Wee Sandy" spiced up his usual Scottish airs with a couple of brand new songs and Marsh followed in his footsteps.

As well as a fine group of instrumental stars, drummer Aubrey Tadman and trombonist Gar Gillis aired a neat pair of tonsils each before Marsh slipped us the Mickey Finn in the form of Doug Bain, who made his accordian sit up and talk Gaelic to rousing shouts of "more" before the younger Phimister saw fit to inform us he was a cop travelling incognito. Prestidigitator Ken Leyton completely amazed and baffled his audience with sleight of hand.

Big Bill Todd, a Saskatchewan Roughie football star made a brief speech and it is hoped he remembers his promise to screen a couple of game films for us. If he does we'll forgive him the weed his club cost us.

The cast of the fine show included Marsh, Sandy, Paul Grosney, Gee-oo-rge Reznick, Aubrey Tadman, Doug Bain, Bill Todd, Ken Leyton, Wally Grescoe, G. Gillis, Jim Webber, Gavin Hussey and Ray Moga.



Annual Christmas Concert Proves Popular Success

by 7162

With a well-rehearsed cast combining their talents in fine fashion, the annual Christmas Concert, staged under the capable direction of Lou 'Kappy' Kapitan, highlighted the holiday festivities here at Stony Mountain.

The orchestra put the show on the road as they backed the vocal renditions of Monty in White Christmas setting a pace that never lagged throughout the entire two hours.

M.C.'ing the show in the absence of guest Emcee Cliff Gardner, Vince Lebeouf mangled his way through the English language and a few introductions before his nervousness wore off. He contributed a brace of vocals in French (I think it was French) in the style of the master of French musical comedy, Maurice Chevalier.

A worm's eye view of the seamy side of Winnipeg's night life brought down the house with its implied moral, "Seeing is believing". Three hep characters awaiting the arrival of their respective broads whiled away the time with lies of wealth and the physical beauty of their femmes fatale. When the broads arrived, their attire was out of this world.

The Harry James of the library, Claude Jubinville, rendered his own arrangement of Serenade in Blue and the Asiatically-flavored Babalu on trumpet.

One of the features of the show was the orchestral work of Pete, Ronnie, Cyril, Ken, Bob and well-known civilian organist Allan Cairns.

Additional vocals in good form were contributed by Kafka, Ross, Cadotte, Nute Casey, Harrison, Shimamori Monty, with western-styled ballads probably edging all others in popularity.

The quartet, complete with striped suits, sledge-hammers, wheelbarrows and a soulful lament followed by a 'Fashion Show' were two more top acts.

Arriving late, Cliff Gardner nevertheless provided the frosting for the cake as he exhibited his flair for mimicry with a take-off of the Ink Spots and Johnny Ray with a record accompaniment.

Of the instrumentalists, Bennett picked out a couple of swingy numbers on the banjo and Bob Kolega chipped in a pair of accordin solos. Sinclair also added his touch with two boogie numbers on the guitar and Ken Bevins puffed a couple of top flight numbers on a pair of harmonicas.

A vote of thanks is extended to Mr. Hancock whose contribution included arrangements for the numerous props, decorations and costumes.



CITIZEN'S FORUM

The Citizens Forum of Stony Mountain Penitentiary had the pleasure of listening to Prof. R. Halstead, Sunday Nov. 25th. Prof. Halstead, a well known educator and member of the Manitoba Alcoholic Foundation, took the members of the forum behind the scenes of the Alcoholic problem as it affects the human being of to-day.

Not only was the talk educational but, the interest was heightened by the fact that the problem of Alcohol is a big one to many of the men in this institution.

Since its formation in 1951, Citizens Forum has played host to many speakers from all walks of life. Politics, medicine, philosophy, and first-hand reports on various industries are but a few of the wide number of subjects discussed.

At times, when an outside speaker is not available, inmate members give a talk or hold a panel discussion. Membership of the Forum is nearly a hundred men, most of whom have an active interest in current affairs. The Forum is conducted under the guidance of Rev. George McNeill, Prot. Chaplain, who arranges for guest speakers and the various educational films that are shown at some meetings.

The members of the Citizens Forum wish to express their thanks to Professor Halstead and all the other speakers who devoted an hour of some Sunday morning to bring films or speak about the work in which they are engaged.

Still Waters Run Deep

So many times you hear someone say, "He is a quiet one, you have to watch out for him. Still waters run deep." Most of the time it is said in a derogatory manner but, let us take a look at that still water.

Find a quiet pool of still water and what do you see? Close around the edges are lush green grasses, showy ferns and the largest and most fragrant of blossoms, usually a large tree deeply rooted and tall and strong. Even if there happens to be a rock at the edge, its harsh and hard contours are hidden under a growth of soft, smooth moss. Deep in the water we find the largest sucker fish, keeping the pool clean with his ceaseless but sure movements. Close by the bank we find the largest bass, hanging motionless in the cool shadows of the tree. So lies the pool of still water surrounded by the best of everything—peace, tranquility and close friends.

And what of the racing, shallow creek? Along its edges we find refuse tossed up by the speeding water, and where some hapless tree or bush struggles for existence in its path, the rushing water soon undercuts and topples it into its stream to carry it away. No time to make friends or to sink roots deep, the shallow water rushes babbling on and is soon forgotten.

So call me the "quiet one, the deep one," I do not mind, I call it a compliment. And so it goes with life, the quiet one slowly gathers a few close friends, a family, a home and though he may not say too much or have much money, he has peace, tranquility and friendship.

Where Do We Stand?

by ARKY

Sociology—the science that deals with human behavior, its development, forms and functions, is the major factor to which can be attributed the improvements in our penal institutions in the last decade.

Psychiatrists, social-workers and penologists who have studied and understand the aberrations of the social rebel, have long advocated a scientific approach to the problem of criminality; believing the reorganization and rehabilitation of the prison inmate to be society's prime requisite if they wish to combat crime with any degree of success.

After many years of research, a new era of penology was launched and the existing medieval system of restraint was discarded. Canada had finally seen the light.

The inauguration of this new system could not have occurred at a more opportune time, because SOCIETY had reached a world-shattering conclusion—prison inmates were human beings. The fallibility of man recognized—and acted upon.

With the new era, came sports, hobbycrafts and other activities deemed necessary for the mental and physical welfare of the prisoner. Active participation in the various programmes served as an outlet for excess energy and proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that inmates responded to stimuli—as their brothers do outside.

Gradually the atmosphere in the institution changed and hate, predominant under the old system, began to subside. Life became more pleasant for all who dwelt within the walls, slowly but surely the inmates' attitude altered; where once their minds concentrated on the "scores" they would pull when released, how to "crack a safe" or "pull a stick-up," now concentrated on other activity proving that the recreation programme was as successful as anticipated.

However, the most important phase of rehabilitation has not yet materialized. The vocational training of inmates is but a figment of the public imagination. It is non-existent. In this day and age where technical training and knowledge are a must, if one is to survive and to earn a decent living, facilities are not available for inmates wishing to learn a trade, or practice the trade they may have worked at prior to this sentence.

Those of us who are considered old-timers can recall when we were led to believe that aptitude tests would be given, and those with any latent ability in the technical field would have the opportunity to develop their talents, assisted by the staff; thus preparing themselves to become better citizens upon their release. It may be said that vocational training is now in force in penitentiaries, but in such a haphazard fashion as to be hardly worth mentioning. Selection for jobs is purely hit or miss. For example, if you are a cook you are apt to find yourself working in the blacksmith shop because they were short of men there.

Nothing is more disheartening to a man than the realization that the dead

time spent behind bars could have been used in learning a trade. He realizes that his future is to be rather bleak—going from one part time job to another. It can be truly said that the years spent in prison are really lost and can never be regained. Being unable to support himself and family decently, a return to crime offers the only solution to his problems; thus recidivism can be blamed more on necessity than choice.

Sports and hobbies are a wonderful boon to the inmate. BUT, they alone, without any further progressive steps, will not solve society's problem of reducing crime. Another great step toward the solution would be provision of trade schools and tools in penitentiaries. Concrete steps must be taken to help the prisoner resume his place in a highly competitive world.

Political opportunists have been using "The Vocational Training of Inmates" as a springboard to the electors for years, but once elected these promises are soon forgotten. It is very discouraging, to say the least, to have our hopes raised then shattered by the lack of interest on the part of these pseudo-reformers.

Of course, we must not forget to mention the kindly magistrate who sentences youngsters to the 'pen' to enable them to learn a trade—this is always a subject worthy of lengthy debate.

The door here is always open, so political aspirants take note; before making any more wild statements or promises, take time to investigate existing conditions for your personal edification — even though you have no intention of doing anything about them.

I hasten to add to the above, that there are a great number of people who are sincerely interested in the welfare of the inmates. To them—our undying gratitude and thanks. To the phonies—leave us alone.

Look What I've Got!!!

Thrilled at having received a fraternity pin from her football hero the night before, the young co-ed put on her sweater and rushed out to show off her new jewelry. Meeting a group of male friends on the way, she stopped and proudly stuck out her bosom.

"Look what I've got!!!" she commented happily.

But in her excitement, she had forgotten to wear the pin!

You Didn't Ask

Two farmers met on a country road and pulled their teams.

"Si," said Josh, "I've got a mule with distemper. What did you give that one of yours that had it?"

"Turpentine. Giddap!"

A week later they met again.

"Si, I gave my mule turpentine like you said and it killed him."

"Killed mine, too. Giddap!"

Colorful Middleweights Crowned At Local Slugfest

by Don Lobb

A stand-up guy with a solid left hand and a windmilling head-hunter spiced up the Dec. 1st boxing show staged by Stony Mountain Boxing Club as they annexed the silverware in the middleweight division. Johnny St. Germaine blasted the fight out of Blackie Papp at 1:45 of the second round for a T. K. O. and top honors while novice J. Cadcotte grabbed his half from Muloin.

Further highlighting a topnotch seven match card was the K. O. of Ross by Spider Munro at 1:30 of the third round. Jim Zimmer stopped Murray Naugler over the three round route but not before he had pattered the planks with his pants in the second; Ken Paul, substituting for injured M. Vhol, proved himself more than a match for Moe Walker; and ringmaster Steve Bolonchuk copped the added attraction in the easy fashion from heavyweight king Rick Auger.

Wrapping up the card, light-heavy champ Ken Bevins earned a decision from 182 lbs. of trouble named Schmidt, who surprised the crowd and Bevins with his fine effort.

Billed as the main event, the non-title bout saw the solid-hitting Bevins unable to chill the lanky Schmidt, who absorbed a lot of punishment but wrapped up the shorter Bevins, continually worked a right hand free on the inside and then climbed on the bicycle until the champ ran out of gas.

Bevins took charge early but it was far from an easy fight to win. Capitalizing on his reach, Schmidt stuck a left hand in Bevins' face and kept it there for the majority of each round. He lacked finish and authority in his punch but proved to all and sundry that he has a bag full of guts.

Bevins had to force his way in close to get his shots away but he laid them in heavily. He appeared a little short on conditioning and slowed noticeably in the late stages allowing Schmidt to run out the string.

Bolonchuk asserted his superior ring knowledge in the go with Auger, a non-title bout also, but producing plenty of action. An established cutie, who slipped punches, bobbed and weaved out of danger, the rugged Winnipegger didn't have it all his own way.

Auger proved his right to the heavyweight crown and scored well. No waste motion in this go, just smooth, professional mixing for a great three rounds.

Regina's St. Germaine, fighting his own fight from an orthodox style easily outclassed Papp in his chase for the middleweight laurels. He took charge from the opening gong and weathered Papp's rushes like a veteran.

Papp, more willing than able, had to contend with crisp, clever counter-punching by his taller opponent and though Blacky likes to mix it, St. Germaine

vetoed the notion.

With the stockily-built Papp forcing the action most of the time, St. Germaine took charge at the one minute mark of the second, catching Papp in a corner he plastered with both hands. Papp bulled his way into the open but his lights were dimmed and before he could recover St. Germaine was all over him like a tent, blasting him into another corner and hammering relentlessly till referee Alex Wilson stopped the bout to save Papp from further punishment. St. Germaine looks a safe bet to hold the crown for a while.

After a slow first round in which both Cadotte and Muloin played the reluctant dragon, the novice middleweight got picked up steam. Until both fighters had been hit, they coasted around and punched in flurries.

Muloin sighted his shots at Cadotte's midsection with an interchange to the head now and then but the lankier of the two, Cadotte went headhunting from the gun and made it pay off. Cadotte cruised the open reaches and let Muloin do the work in the first, answering with a late round flurry of his own that put Muloin down for a four count.

He tagged Muloin repeatedly in the second with a speedy rush, crawled into his shell for a while and then rolled out the carpet again throughout the fight but had enough leather on target to earn the duke.

A couple of native sons, Munroe and Ross staged themselves a real Pier Sixer for two rounds. Munroe, a rangy slugger with a good left hand and real fine moves scored well against the stockier Ross. Stymied most of the time by the style of Munroe, Ross was making a good fight of it and keeping his opponent honest until the 1:45 mark of the last round when a Munroe bomb caught

him on the way in and the lights went out. To clinch things Munroe slammed Ross with a short right but the guy was stiff before it landed. Ross hit the canvas, bounced once, his head out under the bottom ropes and was still listening to the birdies when the count reached ten.

Game Kenny Paul, teamed with the more experienced Moe Walker, allowed himself to be sucked in a couple of times in the first frame, but showing a complete lack of respect for his more heavily muscled foe, copped this bout by a narrow two-point margin.

Walker was cute, Paul was rough and that tells its own story. Absorbing all of Walker's best shots, the younger Paul countered sharply and in the late stages mounted his own attack which carried him to the front in the voting. A good second round rally by Paul showed him to be a fine prospect. He threw a lot of leather and kept a cool head doing it. Most of his punches were either on the target or hitting pieces of his opponent. Jimmy Zimmer pulled a hot one out of the fire with a rousing third round rally against Naughler who had dropped him earlier in the fight. Zimmer capped his rally with a good right hand shot that dropped Naughler at the bell. Naughler was game and should develop into a fine boxer.

A big bouquet to Ronnie Brothers, Steve Bolonchuk for their work with the fighters; to the referees and ring officials and to each of the participants in the show... you were great, guys, simply great... PS... so was A.J. and I'll take the rap for that foul-up in the Papp-St. Germaine announcement... no complaints about the way the show was run off... top notch job... biggest bouquet to the Steward for the special dinner set for the athletes and fight officials.

Stamp Of Approval Clamped On Initial Grunt & Groan Show

by **DON LOBB**

Exponents of the gentle art of grunt and groan came into their own here Dec. 1st with the curtain-raiser preceeding the boxing show. In a pair of bouts that brought howls of delight and no more than a fair share of hoots, the inmate population clamped the seal of approval on the latest addition to the entertainment field locally.

It is quite possible that the most blood curdling aspect was provided by the 'Nom de Guerre' the matmen appended to their normal monikers. There was Ed (Strangler) Howson who took the measure of Jack (The Ape) Wannop in the initial pretzel-bending contest and not to be outdone, George (The Mangler) Matchette went 30 minutes to a draw with (Babyface) Kid Lebeouf in a rousing tiff for the middleweight wrestling silverware.

Though the championship bout did end in a draw, it was far and away the most colorful spectacle we have seen this side of a Television set. Lebeouf with his speed and cute tactics found himself unable to exert sufficient pressure to stop the rough and rowdy Matchette, but give the man his marbles boys, he really tried.

A succession of neat arm bars, combined with a hair pull or two when they were needed, made up for a lack of speed by Matchette. As the villain of the piece he collects top honors. When he wasn't exploring the Kid's depleted dental stock he took considerable interest in the operation of his throat muscles. He proved himself adept also in applying the

stresses and strains involved in the step-over toe hold. All-in-all the "Kid" had himself a rough afternoon.

Lebeouf evaded the ignomy of defeat by proving himself the master of escape. His sinuous, whippy takedowns caused the Mangler considerable discomfort and although he got a couple of worthwhile assists from referee (Shifty) Schaf, he had Matchette wondering most of the time just where the next attack was coming from. If there was an edge in the play, it was momentary and when the gong called a halt to the festivities the ovation both fighters received proved that wrestling will be with us a while.

A head-spinning flying mare and a body slam with press at the 13:40 mark of the first contact copped the nod for London, Ontario's pride and joy, tough Strangler Howson.

Ape Wannop had it real rough too as he found himself on the receiving end of most of the legal punishment dished up. The Ape has a couple of neat little equalizers for that sort of thing in his book. His explorations were not restricted to the face and neck as were those of Matchette in the other go. He massaged the back of Howson's neck with a few elbow smashes and followed up with a belt or two from punt formation in the region of kidneys and spareribs of his opponent.

The pair traded hip-tosses, knee-lifts and takedowns for the first dozen minutes before Howson tired of the sport and doused the fire with his mare, slam and press.

FOOTBALL SEASON CLIMAX

Browns Thump Redskins 47-26 To Capture Stone Bowl Title

By Ronnie B.

An action-packed football season closed in a round of furious competition as the Browns climaxed a playoff drive by clobbering runner-up Redskins 47-26 to capture the Stone Bowl title, emblematic of football supremacy at Stony Mountain.

In a rugged semi-final series the tough Browns stopped the Alouettes 42-30 in a two-game total point round and the Redskins with a tremendous last stretch drive topped league champion Giants 41-11 in the other half of the semis.

Giants had steamrolled all opposition in the regular schedule but the Redskins staged a scalp raid & gathered their hair for lodge pole decorations. All through the season opposing coaches plotted moves to 'take' the Giants but the Buckskin Brigade solved the riddle. A combination of nifty running and a sound pass defence turned the trick.

Browns came up with a solid defence in the second game of their series with Alouettes to consolidate a lead built up in the first battle and blast their way into the final.

In the tilt for all the marbles, Browns relied on booming punts for an early lead of four points but the Redskin's Proulx moved his club into a first quarter 5-4 lead with a pass interception and a twenty yard gallop to paydirt.

At the half, after a 35-point second quarter Browns moved to the fore with a 22-20 tally and then applied the crusher as they added 25 points in the last half while a harried Tribe could only manage a meager half dozen.

Glue-fingered Bert Gillis topped all individual scorers, as he made pass catching look as simple as dunking doughnuts. The Giants' Mr. Big might well have reached the 100-point mark had he played every game. Congrats Bert. Two of his teammates, Bullock and Dodds also ranked high in the point parade.

On a point-system vote, four coaches and officials chose Proulx, Hood, Poole Bullock, Brothers and Moon to the first string offensive All-Star club and Papp, Zimmer, Bolonchuk, Cameron, Dodds and Whitely on defence. Second team offence-wise was made up of McDougal, Auger, Gillis, O'Kipnick, Bennett and Perrault, with Schmidt, Gillis, Auger, Brothers, Miller and Thomas defending.

Plaudits are extended to Commissioner, R. Fortier, referees Lexier and Karchesky and other volunteer officials who made the season such an outstanding success. Their fine response to the call of duty was one of the things that made the games so interesting to watch and play.

Yardsticks:

Scorer	Team	Points
Gillis	Giants	85
Hood	Browns	75
Proulx	Redskins	52
Dodds	Giants	47
Bullock	"	45

Team	GP	W	L	T	Pts
Giants	10	7	2	1	15
Browns	10	5	5	0	10
'Skins	10	4	6	0	8
Alouettes	10	3	6	1	7

High-flying Hawk Forwards

Top 'A' League Point Parade

With the first month of hockey completed here at the Mountain, Rangers top the A league standing thanks to a fast start which gave them a three-point bulge over the high-flying Hawks. The Blackhawk forward line of McKillop, Perrault and Latendresse however, have picked up 28 points in the scoring race for the best mark in the league.

Piery Red McKillop, perhaps living up to the reputation given all red-heads, has dented the twine 10 times for the best goal average and Perrault, his wing-mate is the best playmaker with six assists. McKillop in the last three outings has grabbed a hat trick each time with only the Ranger defence short-suiting him. In play with Latendresse, the line has pushed the Hawks to the top in the team production race and with one game in hand they are mathematically only one point out of the lead.

When it comes to penalty minutes Spence of Canadiens has squatted in the sneezer for 18 minutes, boosted last weekend when he collected a 10-minute misconduct for lip service to the game official. His closest competitors are Hockman of Hawks and Ruck of Bruins, six points off the pace.

In the B League, with three games played on the round, two points separate the top team from the tail-enders. Bruins lead the park, Canadiens hold down second with Rangers, and like their NHL namesakes, Blackhawks are last.

A League Standings

Team	GP	W	L	T	PTS
Rangers	5	4	1	0	8
Hawks	4	2	1	1	5
Canadiens	5	1	3	1	3
Bruins	4	1	3	0	2

B League Standing

Bruins	3	2	1	0	4
Rangers	3	1	1	1	3
Canadiens	3	1	1	1	3
Hawks	3	1	2	0	2

A League Team Production

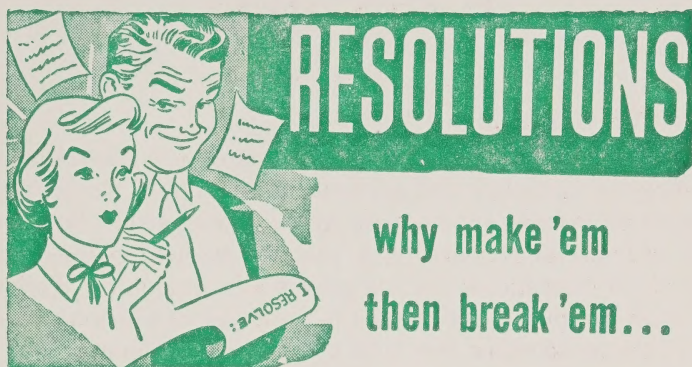
Team	GP	G	A	Pts	Pen. Min
Hawks	4	22	19	41	52
Rangers	5	19	14	33	42
Canadiens	5	16	17	33	50
Bruins	4	10	10	20	40

Seven Sinners

Name	Team	Pen. Min.
Spence	Can.	18
Ruck	Bruins	12
Hockman	Hawks	12
Auger	Rang.	10
Brothers	Hawks	10
St. Germaine	Bruins	10
Drowzy	Hawks	8

Top Scorers (A League)

Name	GP	G	A	Pts.
McKillop-Hawks	4	10	1	11
Perrault-Hawks	3	5	6	11
McCooye-Can.	5	7	4	11
Karchesky-Can.	5	2	5	7
Auger-Rangers	5	4	3	7
Morrisette-Bruins	4	2	4	6
Latendresse-Hawks	4	2	2	6



why make 'em
then break 'em...

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The Winnipeg Tribune

Which Were Lost In Transit

The Staff of the Mountain Echoes

Appreciates Efforts Expended

By Staff Members

Endeavouring To Trace Same

★ Penal ★ Echo-ettes

by Don Lobb

PAAHAO PRESS—Hawaii.

Although yours truly has not been too long a citizen of this walled city, I have enjoyed reading the exchanges and particularly your latest. Pat's 'Why' and Vern Song's budget-wise resume, not to ignore An Idol, were good. The apathy you folk find, on the part of streetsiders, is a problem we here in the land of ice and snow also face. Two questions: Do you guys really pronounce Waikealakeliilani, or just play it on the guitar, and could I interest you in a prisoner exchange deal? The mercury just hit 25 below zero with a bone-chilling thump.

MONTHLY RECORD—Weathersfield, Conn.

Every time I read an article as carefully thought-out and presented as D. Page's 'Rescue the Young', I am forced to regret the limited circulation of our Penal Press publications. A real nice gut-shot, guy.

K. P. TELESCOPE—Kingston, Ont.

K. P.'s loss was certainly our gain when you shipped out Red McKillop. Check hockey news for recent history, the guy says he had a nice trip and everything is fine now. See your gal Gail Western reprinted in U. S. publication, she has talent I never suspected at the coast.

ISLAND LANTERN—Washington State.

Words fail me when I consider the terrific amount of art work that goes into your publication. We haven't an artist to our name. While we are happy to say farewell to Tom Opitz, and wish him every success, his cover classics will require all Al Lemos' best efforts to duplicate.

PEN-O-RAMA—St. Vincent De Paul, P. Q.

Al Parson's piece, "Equal Justice" is an example of the same fine workmanship mentioned in the forgoing and rates wider circulation. To that end, a condensed version is in the works here as well as a bit I had written earlier.

Wishing You Every Success In '57





NOEL